

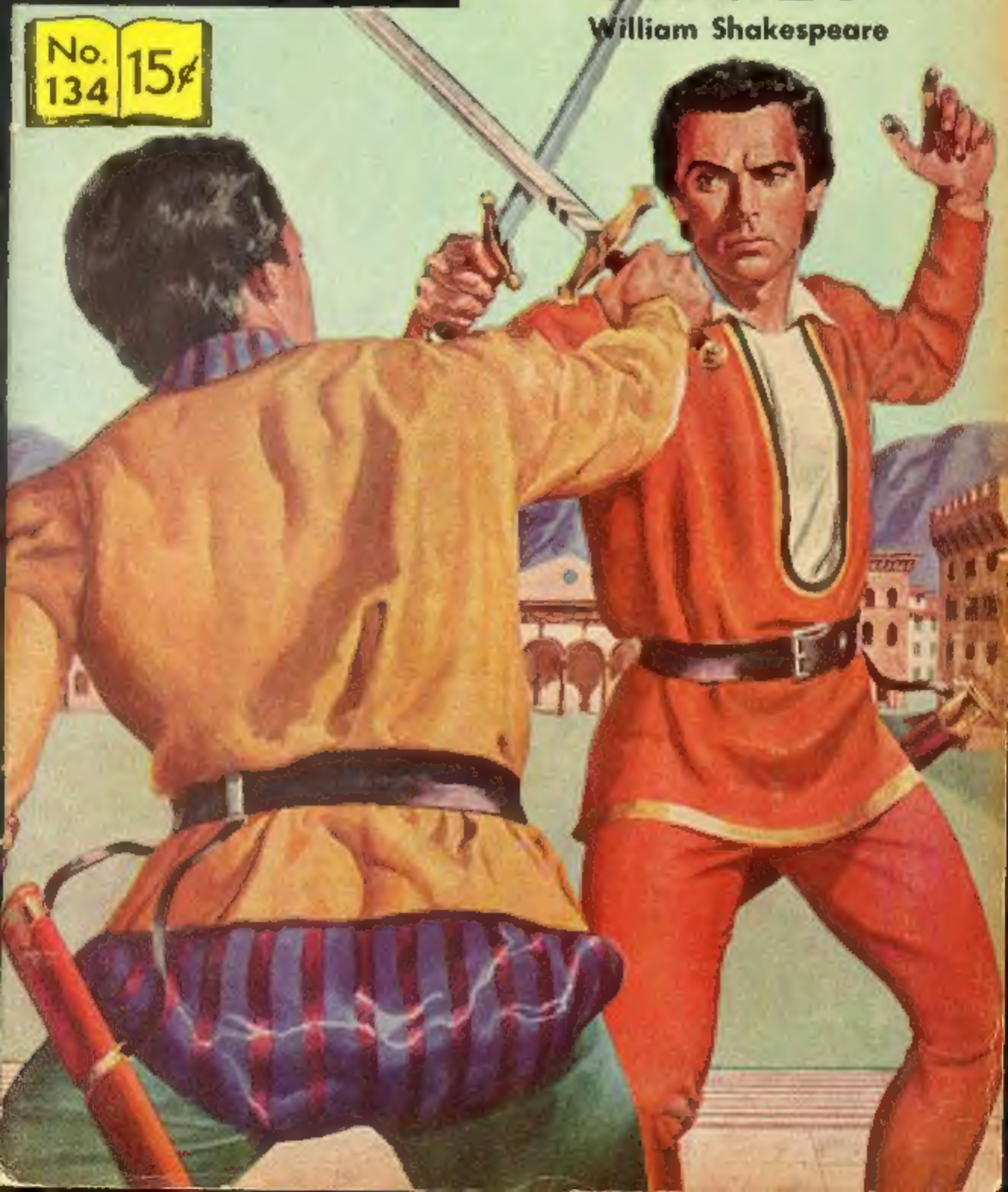
# CLASSICS *Illustrated*

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No.  
134 15¢

# ROMEO and JULIET

William Shakespeare





# ROMEO and JULIET

William Shakespeare

**H**UNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, IN VERONA, ITALY, TWO NOBLE FAMILIES FEUDED BITTERLY. THE TWO FAMILIES WERE THE MONTAGUES AND THE CAPULETS. EVERY MEMBER OF THE TWO HOUSEHOLDS, FROM THE SERVANTS TO THE MASTERS TOOK PART IN THE CEASELESS FIGHTING.

THE HEADS OF THE FEUDING HOUSES EACH HAD ONLY ONE CHILD. MONTAGUE HAD A SON, ROMEO. CAPULET HAD A DAUGHTER, JULIET.





ONE SUNDAY IN JULY, SERVANTS OF THE TWO ENEMY FAMILIES MET IN THE STREETS OF VERONA.

I WILL FROWN AS I PASS BY, AND LET THEM TAKE IT AS THEY LIST\*.

I WILL BITE MY THUMB AT THEM; WHICH IS DISGRACE TO THEM, IF THEY BEAR IT.

\* wish

DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?

NO, SIR, I DO NOT BITE MY THUMB AT YOU, SIR; BUT I BITE MY THUMB, SIR.

DO YOU QUARREL, SIR?

IF YOU DO, SIR, I AM FOR YOU: I SERVE AS GOOD A MAN AS YOU.

YOU LIE.

DRAW, IF YOU BE MEN.





**S**WORDS FLASHED. BENVOLIO, OF THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUE, CAME UPON THE FIGHTING SERVANTS AND TRIED TO STOP THEM.

PART, FOOLS! YOU KNOW NOT WHAT YOU DO.



**T**HEN TYBALT, OF THE HOUSE OF CAPULET, ARRIVED.

TURN THEE, BENVOLIO, LOOK UPON THY DEATH.



I DO BUT KEEP THE PEACE.

TALK OF PEACE! I HATE THE WORD AS I HATE ALL MONTAGUES, AND THEE. HAVE AT THEE, COWARD!



**O**FFICERS OF PRINCE ESCALUS, THE RULER OF VERONA, TRIED TO BREAK UP THE FIGHT.

BEAT THEM DOWN! DOWN WITH THE CAPULETS! DOWN WITH THE MONTAGUES!





THE NOISE DREW CAPULET AND MONTAGUE AND THEIR WIVES TO THE SCENE.

GIVE ME MY SWORD!

THOU VILLAIN CAPULET.

FINALLY, PRINCE ESCALUS ARRIVED.

REBELLIOUS SUBJECTS, ENEMIES TO PEACE, ON PAIN OF TORTURE, THROW YOUR WEAPONS TO THE GROUND, AND HEAR THE SENTENCE OF YOUR PRINCE.



THREE CIVIL BRAWLS HAVE THRICE DISTURB'D THE QUIET OF OUR STREETS.

IF EVER YOU DISTURB OUR STREETS AGAIN YOUR LIVES SHALL PAY.





**A**FTER THE PRINCE LEFT, LADY MONTAGUE SPOKE TO HER HUSBAND.

WHERE IS ROMEO? SAW YOU HIM TODAY?  
RIGHT GLAD I AM HE WAS NOT AT THIS FRAY.

COME, MADAM, LET'S AWAY.



**A**S THE MONTAGUES LEFT, BENVOLIO SAW ROMEO, HIS COUSIN, APPROACHING.

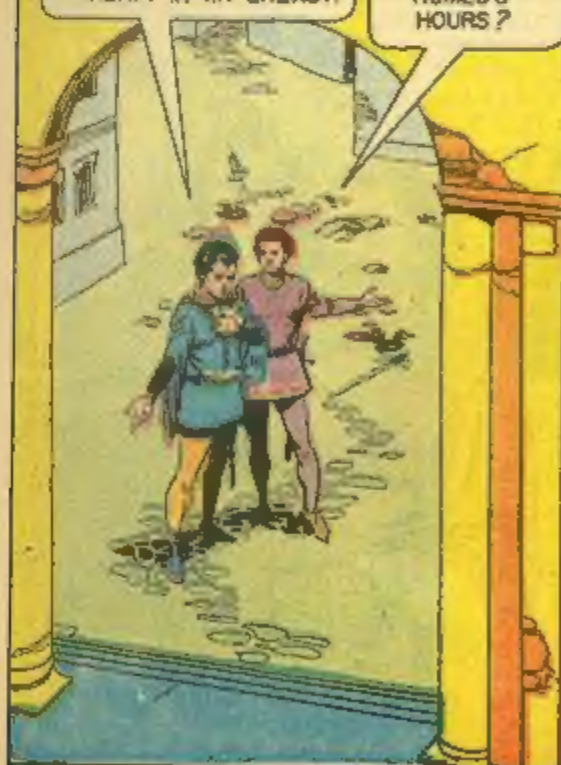
GOOD MORROW, COUSIN.

O ME! WHAT FRAY WAS HERE?



YET TELL ME NOT, FOR GRIEFS OF MINE OWN LIE HEAVY IN MY BREAST.

WHAT SADNESS LENGTHENS ROMEO'S HOURS?



**R**OMEO TOLD BENVOLIO THAT HE WAS IN LOVE WITH A GIRL, ROSALINE, WHO DID NOT LOVE HIM.

BE RUL'D BY ME; FORGET TO THINK OF HER.

THOU CANST NOT TEACH ME TO FORGET.

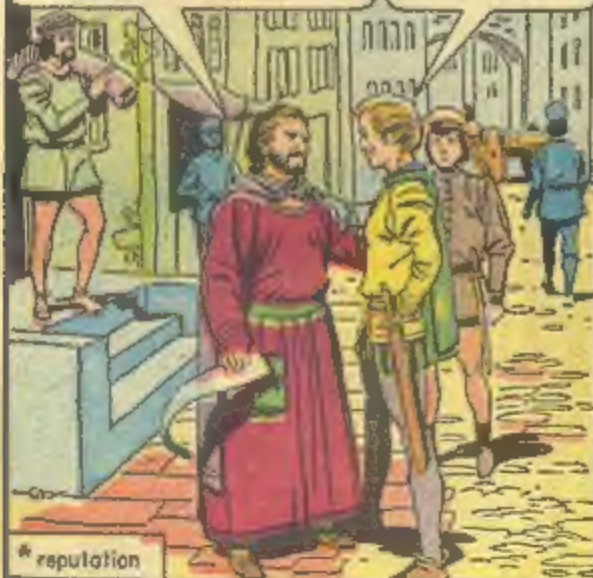




**L**ATER, CAPULET DISCUSSED THE PRINCE'S DECREE WITH A YOUNG NOBLEMAN NAMED PARIS.

MONTAGUE IS BOUND AS WELL AS I, IN PENALTY ALIKE; AND 'T IS NOT HARD, I THINK, FOR MEN SO OLD AS WE TO KEEP THE PEACE.

OF HONOURABLE RECKONING\* ARE YOU BOTH; AND PITY 'T IS YOU LIV'D AT ODDS SO LONG.



\*reputation

**T**HEN PARIS SPOKE OF HIS LOVE FOR JULIET, CAPULET'S DAUGHTER.

NOW, MY LORD, WHAT SAY YOU TO MY SUIT?

WOO HER, GENTLE PARIS, GET HER HEART, AN SHE AGREE, WITHIN HER CHOICE LIES MY CONSENT.



THIS NIGHT I HOLD AN OLD ACCUSTOM'D FEAST, WHERE TO I HAVE INVITED MANY A GUEST, AND YOU, ONE MORE, MOST WELCOME. COME WITH ME.



**T**HEN CAPULET GAVE HIS SERVANT A LIST OF PEOPLE TO INVITE TO THE PARTY.

GO, FIND THOSE PERSONS OUT WHOSE NAMES ARE WRITTEN THERE, AND TO THEM SAY MY HOUSE AND WELCOME ON THEIR PLEASURE STAY.





**C**APULET DID NOT REALIZE HIS SERVANT DID NOT KNOW HOW TO READ.



I PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU READ?

AY, IF I KNOW THE LETTERS AND THE LANGUAGE.



**R**OMELO SAW THAT IT WAS AN INVITATION TO A FEAST, AND THAT THE LIST OF GUESTS INCLUDED THE NAME OF ROSALINE, THE GIRL HE LOVED.

A FAIR ASSEMBLY: WHITHER SHOULD THEY COME?

MY MASTER IS THE GREAT CAPULET; AND IF YOU BE NOT OF THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUES, COME AND CRUSH A CUP OF WINE.



**W**HEN THE SERVANT HAD GONE

AT THIS FEAST OF CAPULET'S SUPS THE FAIR ROSALINE. GO THITHER. COMPARE HER FACE WITH SOME THAT I SHALL SHOW AND I WILL MAKE THEE THINK THY SWAN A CROW.





THAT NIGHT, BEFORE THE FEAST, LADY CAPULET SPOKE TO HER DAUGHTER.

TELL ME, JULIET, HOW STANDS YOUR DISPOSITIONS TO BE MARRIED?

IT IS AN HONOUR THAT I DREAM NOT OF.

WELL, THINK OF MARRIAGE NOW; THE VALIANT PARIS SEEKS YOU FOR HIS LOVE.



THIS NIGHT YOU SHALL BEHOLD HIM AT OUR FEAST; READ O'ER THE VOLUME OF YOUNG PARIS' FACE AND FIND DELIGHT WRITE THERE WITH BEAUTY'S PEN.

THEN...

MADAM, THE GUESTS ARE COME.

WE FOLLOW THEE.





ON A NEARBY STREET, ROMEO, BENVOLIO AND THEIR FRIEND MERCUTIO WERE ON THEIR WAY TO CAPULET'S PARTY.

I AM NOT FOR THIS AMBLING.

NAY, GENTLE ROMEO, WE MUST HAVE YOU DANCE.



NOT I, BELIEVE ME. A SOUL OF LEAD SO STAKES ME TO THE GROUND I CANNOT MOVE.



WE MEAN WELL IN GOING TO THIS MASK\*, BUT 'T IS NO WIT\*\* TO GO.

WHY, MAY ONE ASK?



MY MIND MISGIVES SOME CONSEQUENCE YET HANGING IN THE STARS SHALL BITTERLY BEGIN WITH THIS NIGHT'S REVELS, AND EXPIRE IN UNTIMELY DEATH.



\*masquerade  
\*\*not wise



**A**T THE MASQUERADE, ROMEO SAW JULIET FOR THE FIRST TIME

WHAT LADY DOTH ENRICH  
THE HAND  
OF YONDER KNIGHT?

I KNOW NOT,  
SIR



O, SHE DOTH TEACH THE TORCHES  
TO BURN BRIGHT!  
IT SEEMS SHE HANGS UPON THE  
CHEEK OF NIGHT  
AS A RICH JEWEL IN AN ETHIOP'S EAR,  
BEAUTY TOO RICH FOR USE, FOR  
EARTH TOO DEAR!



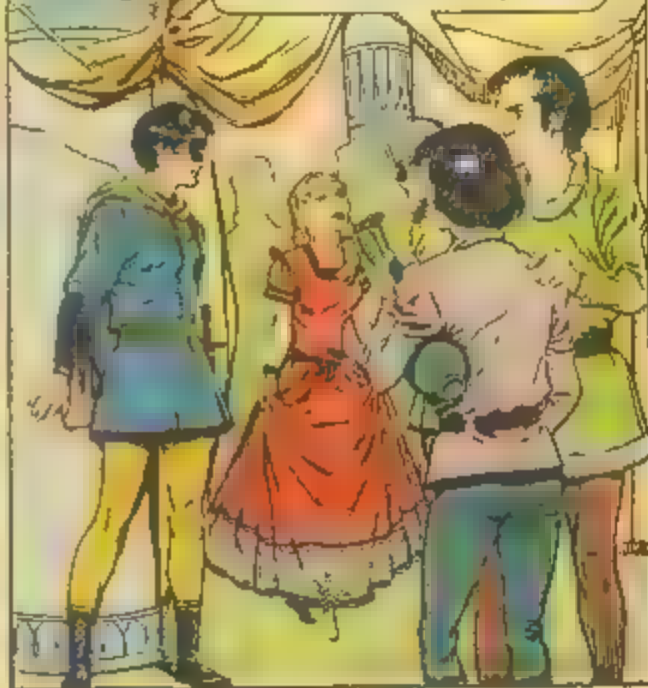
**R**OMEO IMMEDIATELY FORGOT  
ROSALINE, THE GIRL HE  
CAME TO SEE

D.D MY HEART LOVE T'LL NOW?  
FORSWEAR IT, SIGHT!  
FOR I NE'ER SAW TRUE BEAUTY  
T'LL THIS NIGHT



**T**YBALT, LADY CAPULET'S NEPHEW,  
OVERHEARD ROMEO

THIS, BY HIS VOICE, SHOULD  
BE A MONTAGUE  
FETCH ME MY RAPIER, BOY.





IN A FEW MOMENTS

NOW, BY THE STOCK AND HONOUR  
OF MY KIN,  
TO STRIKE HIM DEAD I HOLD IT  
NOT A SIN



WHY, HOW NOW, KINSMAN!  
WHEREFORE STORM YOU SO?



UNCLE THIS'S A  
MONTAGUE, OUR FOE  
THAT VILLAIN ROMEO

LET HIM ALONE,  
A\* BEARS H.M. LIKE  
A GENTLEMAN,  
AND, TO SAY TRUTH,  
VERONA BRAGS  
OF H.M.  
TO BE A VIRTUOUS AND  
WELL-GOVERND  
YOUTH

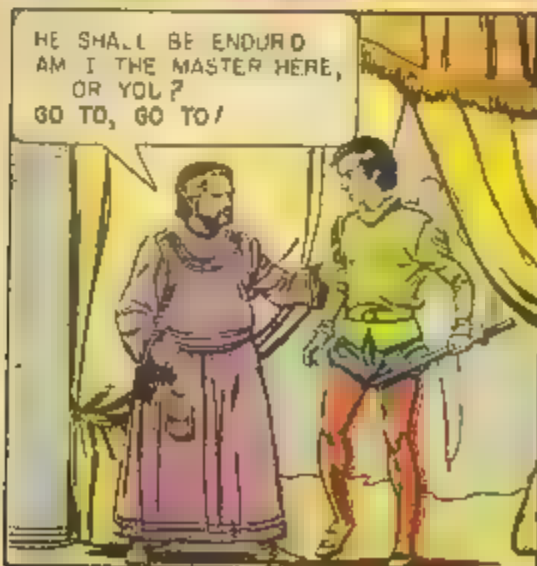


I WOULD NOT FOR THE WEALTH OF  
ALL TH'S TOWN  
HERE IN MY HOLSE DO HIM  
DISPARAGEMENT,  
THEREFORE BE PATIENT, TAKE NO  
NOTE OF HIM,  
IT IS MY WILL

I LL NOT  
ENDURE HIM



HE SHALL BE ENDURD  
AM I THE MASTER HERE,  
OR YOL?  
GO TO, GO TO!



I WILL WITHDRAW; BUT THIS  
NTRUSION SHALL  
NOW SEEMING SWEET CONVERT  
TO BITT REST GALL

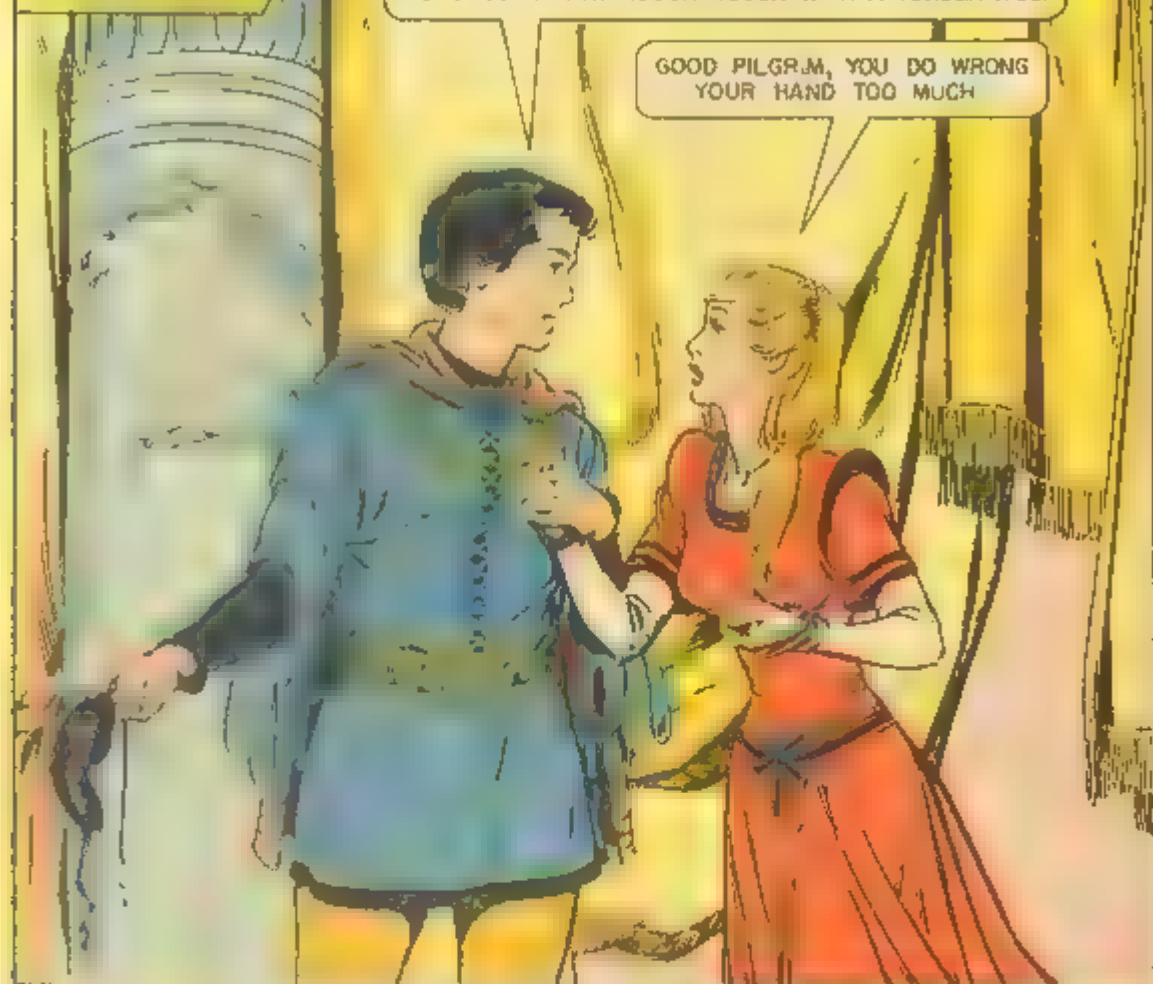




**R**OMEOWAILED FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK TO JULIET. AT LAST

IF I PROFANE WITH MY UNWORTHIEST HAND THIS HOLY SHRINE, THE GENTLE FINE IS THIS MY LIPS, TWO BLUSHING PILGRIMS, READY STAND TO SMOOTH THAT ROUGH TOUCH WITH A TENDER KISS.

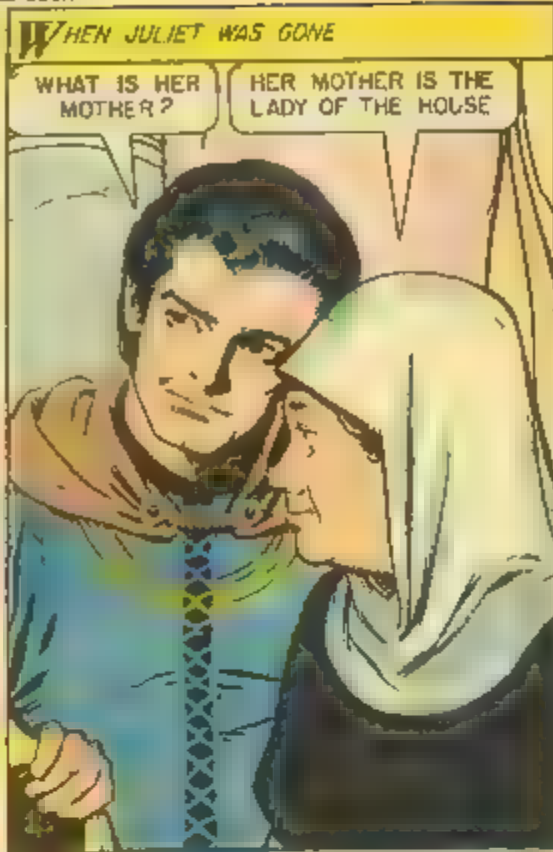
GOOD PILGRIM, YOU DO WRONG YOUR HAND TOO MUCH



O, THEN, DEAR SAINT, LET LIPS DO WHAT HANDS DO

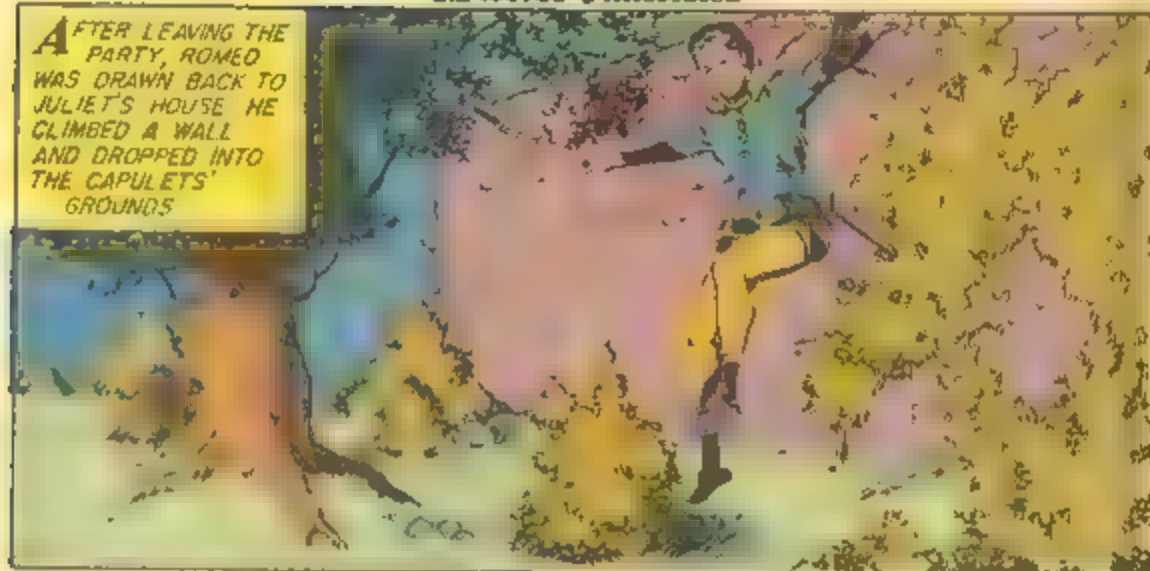








**A**FTER LEAVING THE PARTY, ROMEO WAS DRAWN BACK TO JULIET'S HOUSE. HE CLIMBED A WALL AND DROPPED INTO THE CAPULETS' GROUNDS.



**B**ENVOLIO AND MERCUTIO FOLLOWED, TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH HIM.

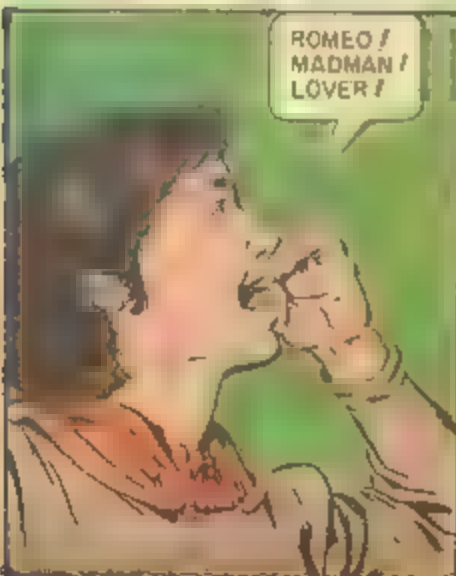


ROMEO! MY  
COUSIN ROMEO!

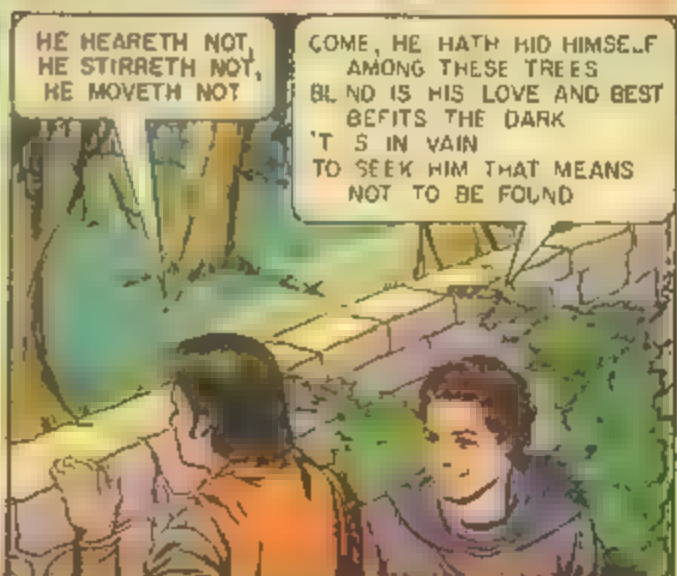
HE RAN THIS WAY, AND LEAP'D  
THIS ORCHARD WALL  
CALL, GOOD MERCUTIO



ROMEO!  
MADMAN!  
LOVER!



HE HEARETH NOT,  
HE STIRRETH NOT,  
HE MOVETH NOT



COME, HE HATH HID HIMSELF  
AMONG THESE TREES  
BLIND IS HIS LOVE AND BEST  
BEFITS THE DARK  
'T IS IN VAIN  
TO SEEK HIM THAT MEANS  
NOT TO BE FOUND



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, ROMEO HEARD MERCUTIO AND BENVOLIO LAUGHINGLY DEPART

HE JESTS AT SCARS THAT NEVER FELT A WOUND

THEN, AS HE TURNED TOWARD THE HOUSE

BUT, SOFT! WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?  
IT IS THE EAST, AND JULIET IS THE SUN  
ARISE, FAIR SUN, AND KILL THE ENVOUS MOON,  
WHO IS ALREADY SICK AND PALE WITH GRIEF  
THAT THOU, HER MAD, ART FAR MORE FAIR THAN SHE

IT IS MY LADY, O, IT IS MY LOVE!  
O, THAT SHE KNEW SHE WERE!  
SEE, HOW SHE LEANS HER CHEEK UPON HER HAND!  
O, THAT I WERE A GLOVE UPON THAT HAND,  
THAT I MIGHT TOUCH THAT CHEEK!



**J**ULIET NOT KNOWING THAT ROMEO WAS IN THE ORCHARD, CAME OUT UPON HER BALCONY AND SPOKE ALOUD.

O ROMEO, ROMEO! WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO?  
DENY THY FATHER AND REFUSE THY NAME;  
OR, IF YOU WILT NOT, BE BUT SWORN  
MY LOVE,  
AND I 'LL NO LONGER BE A CAPULET.

SHALL I HEAR MORE, OR  
SHALL I SPEAK AT THIS?



T IS BUT THY NAME THAT IS MY ENEMY.  
WHAT'S MONTAGUE? T IS NOR HAND,  
NOR FOOT,  
NOR ARM NOR FACE NOR ANY OTHER  
PART  
BELOING TO A MAN

O, BE SOME OTHER NAME!  
WHAT'S IN A NAME? THAT WHICH WE  
CALL A ROSE  
BY ANY OTHER WORD WOULD SMELL AS  
SWEET,  
SO ROMEO WOULD, WERE HE NOT ROMEO  
CALL'D,  
RETAIN THAT DEAR PERFECTION WHICH  
HE OWES\*  
WITHOUT THAT TITLE.

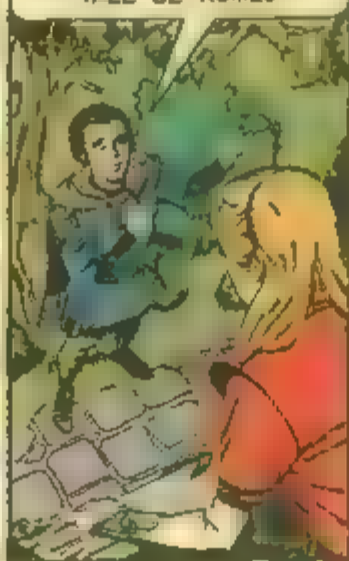




ROMEO, DOFF THY NAME,  
AND FOR THY NAME  
WHICH S NO PART  
OF THEE  
TAKE ALL MYSELF



I TAKE THEE AT THY  
WORD.  
CALL ME BUT LOVE,  
AND I 'LL BE NEW  
BAPTIZ'D,  
HENCEFORTH I NEVER  
WILL BE ROMEO

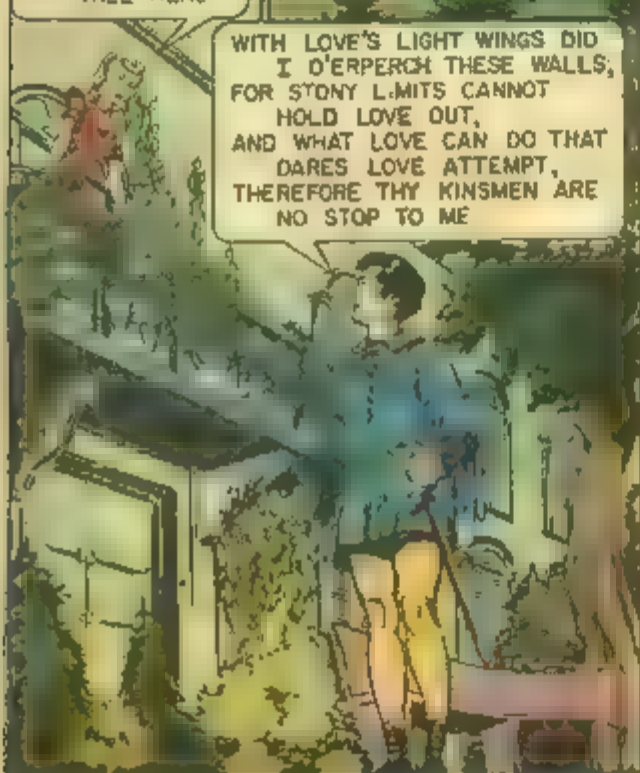


MY EARS HAVE YET NOT DRUNK  
A HUNDRED WORDS  
OF THY TONGUES LITTERING, YET  
I KNOW THE SOUND  
ART THOU NOT ROMEO AND A  
MONTAGUE?



NEITHER, FAIR MAID,  
IF EITHER THEE  
DISLIKE

HOW CAN'ST THOU HITHER?  
THE ORCHARD WALLS ARE HIGH  
AND HARD TO CLIMB,  
AND THE PLACE DEATH,  
CONSIDERING WHO THOU ART,  
IF ANY OF MY KINSMEN FIND  
THEE HERE

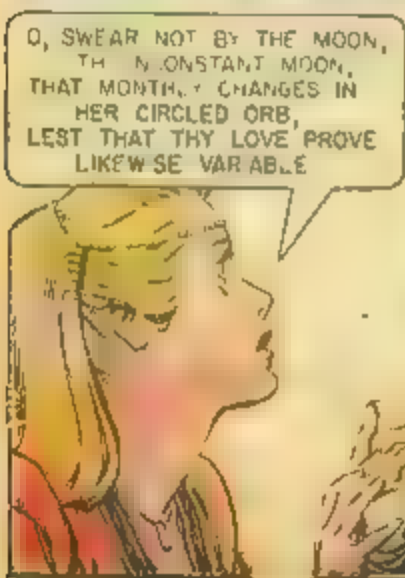


WITH LOVE'S LIGHT WINGS DID  
I O'ERPERCH THESE WALLS,  
FOR STONY LIMITS CANNOT  
HOLD LOVE OUT,  
AND WHAT LOVE CAN DO THAT  
DARES LOVE ATTEMPT,  
THEREFORE THY KINSMEN ARE  
NO STOP TO ME

IF THEY DO  
SEE THEE,  
THEY WILL  
MURDER  
THEE.

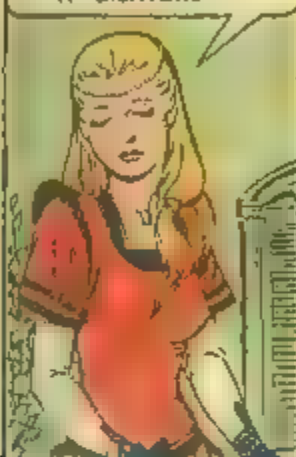


ALACK, THERE LIES  
MORE PERIL IN  
THINE EYE  
THAN TWENTY OF  
THEIR SWORDS!  
LOOK THOU BUT  
SWEET,  
AND I AM PROOF  
AGAINST THE R  
ENM TY,





ALTHOUGH I JOY IN  
THEE,  
I HAVE NO JOY OF THIS  
CONTRACT TO-NIGHT,  
IT IS TOO RASH, TOO  
UNADVIS'D, TOO  
SUDDEN,  
TOO LIKE THE LIGHTNING,  
WHICH DOETH CEASE  
TO BE  
ERE ONE CAN SAY  
"IT LIGHTENS"



THIS BUD OF LOVE, BY  
SUMMER'S RIPENING BREATH,  
MAY PROVE A BEAUTEOUS  
FLOWER WHEN NEXT WE  
MEET  
GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT!



O, WILT THOU  
LEAVE ME SO  
UNSATISFIED?

WHAT SATISFACTION  
CANST THOU HAVE  
TO-NIGHT?



TH' EXCHANGE  
OF THY LOVE'S  
FAITHFUL VOW  
FOR MINE

I GAVE THEE MINE BEFORE  
THOU DIDST REQUEST IT;  
AND YET I WOULD IT WERE  
TO GIVE AGAIN  
MY BOUNTY'S AS BOUNDLESS  
AS THE SEA,  
MY LOVE AS DEEP, THE MORE  
I GIVE TO THEE,  
THE MORE I HAVE, FOR BOTH  
ARE INFINITE



I HEAR SOME NOISE  
WITHIN,  
STAY BUT A LITTLE,  
I WILL COME  
AGAIN



*JULIET HURRIED INSIDE*

O BLESSED, BLESSED  
NIGHT! I AM AFRAID  
BEING IN NIGHT, ALL THIS  
IS BUT A DREAM,  
TOO FLATTERING-SWEET  
TO BE SUBSTANTIAL



**A** MOMENT LATER, JULIET REAPPEARED

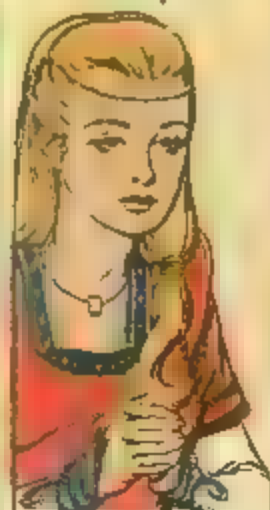
IF THY BENT OF LOVE BE  
HONOURABLE,  
THY PURPOSE MARR AGE, SEND  
ME WORD TO MORROW.  
BY ONE THAT I LL PROCURE  
TO COME TO THEE,  
WHERE AND WHAT TIME THOU  
WILT PERFORM THE RITE,  
AND ALL MY FORTUNES AT THY  
FOOT I LL LAY

BUT IF THOU  
MEANEST NOT  
WELL,  
I DO BESEECH  
THEE,  
TO CEASE THY  
SUIT, AND  
LEAVE ME TO  
MY GRIEF

**T**HEN JULIET WENT IN AGAIN  
BUT AS ROMEO TURNED AWAY

HIST!  
ROMEO,  
HIST!

'T IS MY SOUL, THAT  
CALLS MY NAME  
HOW SILVER-SWEET  
SOUND LOVERS'  
TONGUES BY NIGHT,  
LIKE SOFTEST MUSIC TO  
ATTENDING EARS!



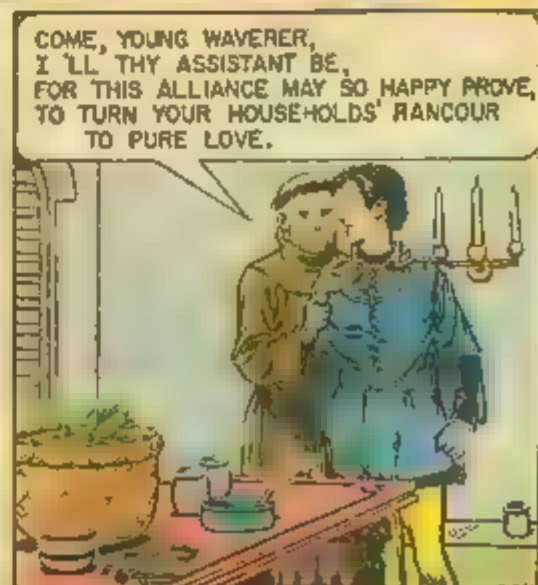
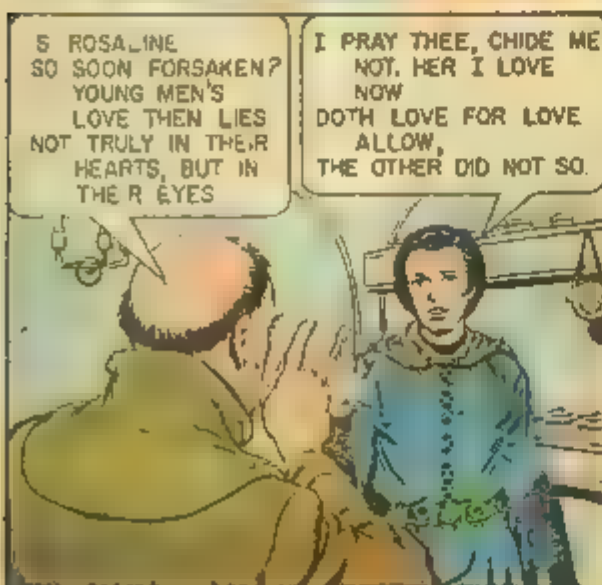
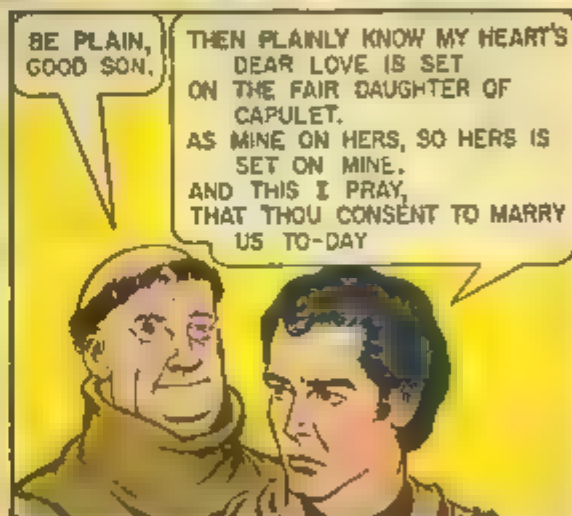
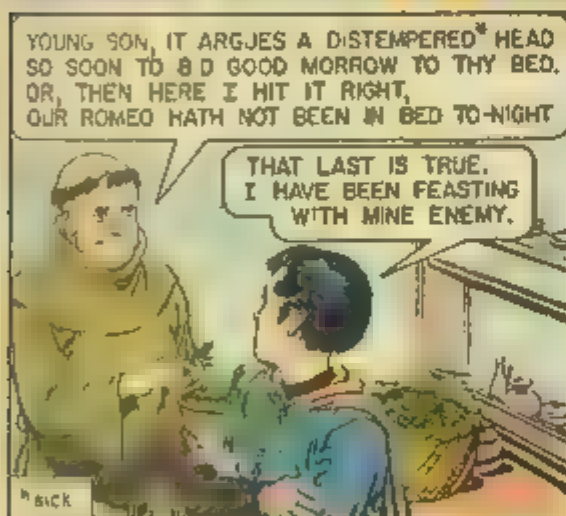
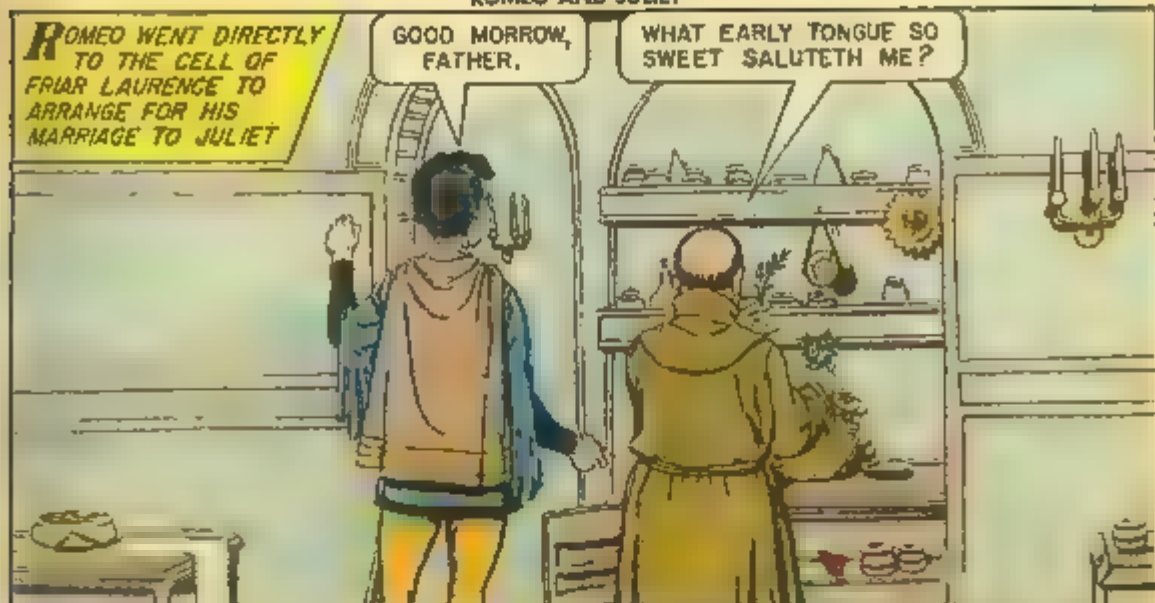
I HAVE FORGOT  
WHY I DID CALL  
THEE BACK

LET ME  
STAND HERE  
TILL THOU  
REMEMBER IT

'T IS ALMOST MORNING, I  
WOULD HAVE THEE GONE  
GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT!  
PARTING IS SUCH  
SWEET SORROW,  
THAT I SHALL SAY  
GOOD-NIGHT TILL IT  
BE MORROW







THAT MORNING, MERCUTIO  
AND BENVOLIO STILL  
SEARCHED FOR ROMEO

WHERE THE DEVIL  
SHOULD THIS  
ROMEO BE?  
CAME HE NOT  
HOME TO-NIGHT?

NOT TO HIS  
FATHER'S,  
I SPOKE  
WITH HIS  
MAN\*



TYBALT, THE KINSMAN OF  
OLD CAPULET, HATH  
SENT A LETTER TO HIS  
FATHER'S HOUSE

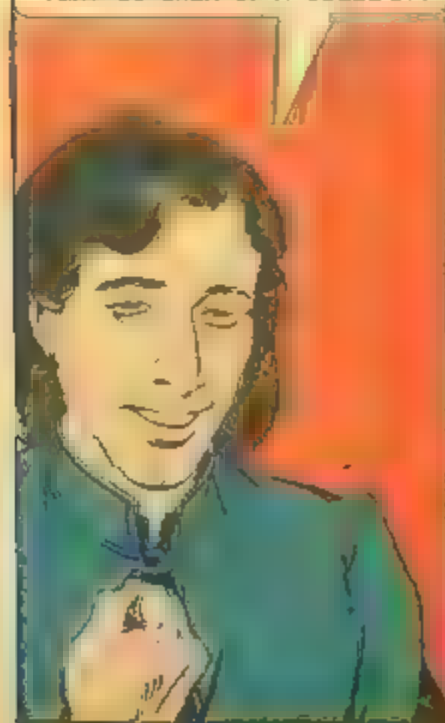


A CHALLENGE

ROMEO WILL  
ANSWER IT



ALAS, POOR ROMEO! HE IS  
ALREADY DEAD, STABBED WITH  
A WENCH'S EYE IS HE A MAN  
TO ENCOUNTER TYBALT, THE  
VERY BUTCHER OF A DUELLIST?



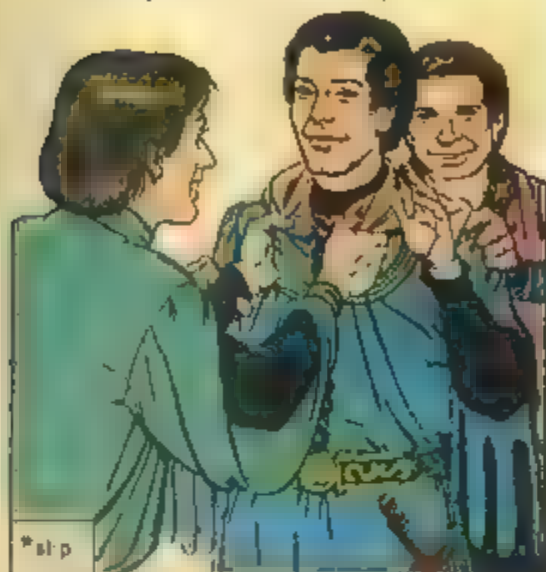
HERE COMES  
ROMEO





YOU GAVE US THE  
COUNTERFEIT\*  
EARLY LAST NIGHT

PARDON, GOOD  
MERCUTIO; IN  
SUCH A CASE AS  
MINE A MAN MAY  
STRAIN COURTESY



LATER, THE YOUNG MEN MET JULIET'S NURSE

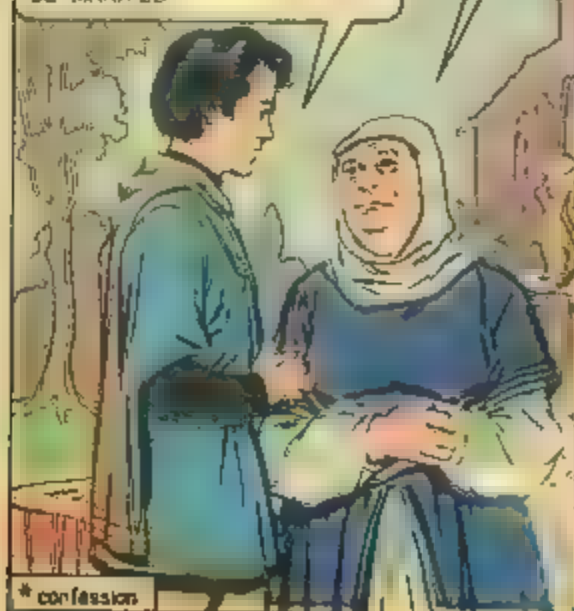
I DES RE SOME  
CONFIDENCE WITH YOU



MERCUTIO AND BENVOLIO LEFT. THEN...

NURSE, COMMEND ME TO THY  
LADY  
B D HER OEV SE  
SOME MEANS TO COME TO  
SHRIFT\* THIS AFTERNOON;  
AND THERE SHE SHALL AT  
FRIAR LAURENCE' CELL  
BE MARR ED

SHE SHALL  
BE THERE



\* confession

AT HOME, JULIET WAITED IMPATIENTLY  
FOR HER NURSE TO RETURN. AT LAST...

WHAT NEWS?  
HAST THOU MET  
WITH HIM?

I AM A-WEARY,  
GIVE ME LEAVE  
A WHILE.  
FIE, HOW MY BONES  
ACHE!

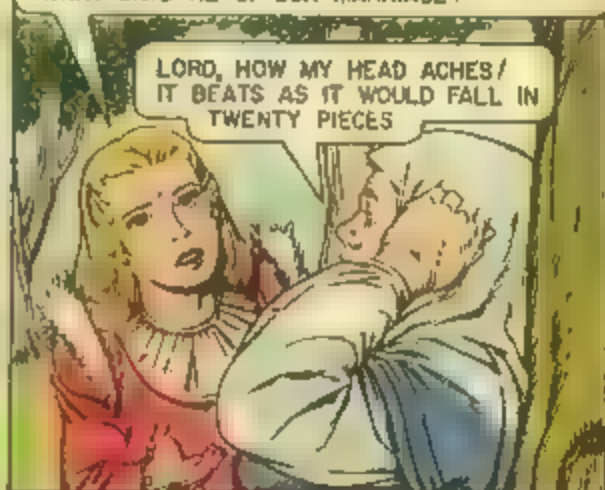


I WOULD THOU HADST  
MY BONES, AND I  
THY NEWS  
COME, I PRAY THEE,  
SPEAK

WHAT HASTE I  
CAN YOU NOT  
STAY A WHILE?  
DO YOU NOT  
SEE THAT I  
AM OUT OF  
BREATH?



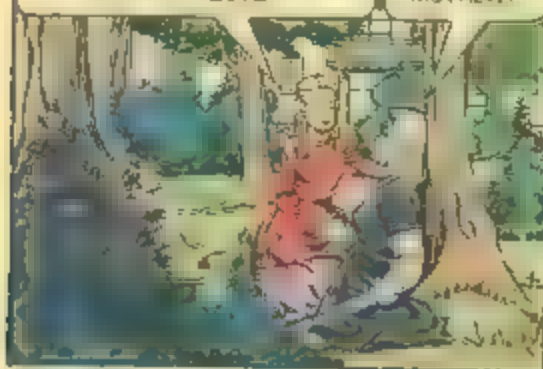
HOW ART THOU OUT OF BREATH, WHEN THOU  
HAST BREATH  
TO SAY TO ME THAT THOU ART OUT OF BREATH?  
WHAT SAYS HE OF OUR MARRIAGE?



LORD, HOW MY HEAD ACHES/  
IT BEATS AS IT WOULD FALL IN  
TWENTY PIECES

I FAITH I AM SORRY THAT  
THOU ART NOT WELL  
SWEET, SWEET, SWEET  
NURSE, TELL ME, WHAT  
SAYS MY LOVE?

YOUR LOVE  
SAYS  
WHERE IS  
YOUR  
MOTHER?



WHERE IS MY MOTHER? WHY, SHE  
IS WITHIN,  
WHERE SHOULD SHE BE? HOW  
ODDLY THOU REPLIEST!  
"YOUR LOVE SAYS, 'WHERE  
IS YOUR MOTHER?'"



ARE YOU SO HOT\*?  
HENCEFORWARD DO YOUR  
MESSAGES YOURSELF  
HAVE YOU GOT LEAVE  
TO GO TO SHRIFT  
TO-DAY?

I HAVE



THEN HIE YOU HENCE  
TO FRIAR LAURENCE'  
CELL,  
THERE STAYS A HUSBAND  
TO MAKE YOU A WIFE



\*impatient



THAT AFTERNOON, ROMEO  
WAITED FOR JULIET AT  
FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

COME WHAT SORROW CAN,  
IT CANNOT COUNTERVAIL\*  
THE EXCHANGE OF JOY  
THAT ONE SHORT MINUTE  
GIVES ME IN HER SIGHT.



\*equal

DO THOU BUT CLOSE OUR  
HANDS WITH HOLY  
WORDS,  
THEN LOVE-DEVOURING  
DEATH DO WHAT HE  
DARE,  
IT IS ENOUGH I MAY  
BUT CALL HER MINE

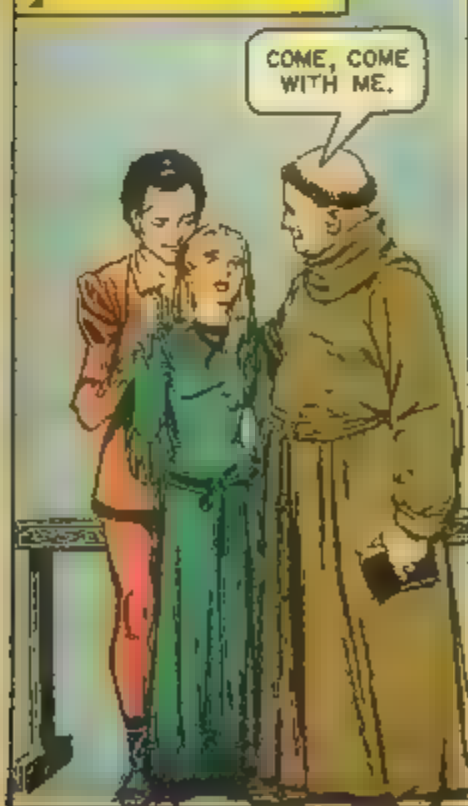


THESE VIOLENT DELIGHTS  
HAVE VIOLENT ENDS,  
AND IN THEIR TRIUMPH DIE,  
LIKE FIRE AND POWDER,  
WHICH AS THEY KISS  
CONSUME

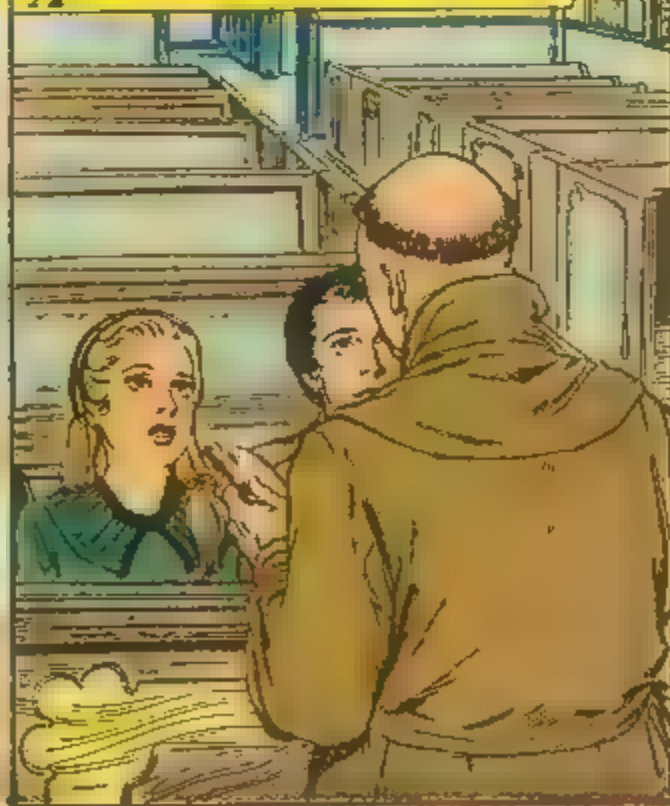


THEN JULIET ARRIVED.

COME, COME  
WITH ME.



AND ROMEO AND JULIET WERE MARRIED



**L**ATER THAT AFTERNOON,  
BENVOLIO AND MERCUTIO  
STROLLED THROUGH THE  
STREETS OF VERONA

I PRAY THEE, GOOD MERCUTIO,  
LET 'S RETIRE  
THE DAY IS HOT, THE  
CAPULETS ABROAD,  
AND, IF WE MEET, WE SHALL  
NOT SCAPE A BRAWL,  
FOR NOW, THESE HOT DAYS,  
IS THE MAD BLOOD  
ST RRING



**A** MOMENT LATER,  
TYBALT CAME BY,  
LOOKING FOR ROMEO

GENTLEMEN,  
A WORD  
WITH ONE  
OF YOU

COUPLE IT  
WITH  
SOMETHING,  
MAKE IT A  
WORD AND  
A BLOW.



**B**UT TYBALT WAS  
DETERMINED TO PICK  
HIS FIGHT WITH ROMEO.

HERE COMES MY MAN, ROMEO,  
THOU ART A VILLAIN.



**R**OMEO, NOW WED TO JULIET, DID  
NOT WISH TO FIGHT HER COUSIN

I DO PROTEST I NEVER INJURED  
THEE,  
BUT LOVE THEE BETTER THAN  
THOU CANST DEV SE



**M**ERCUTIO, NOT KNOWING THE TRUTH, THOUGHT  
ROMEO WAS A COWARD

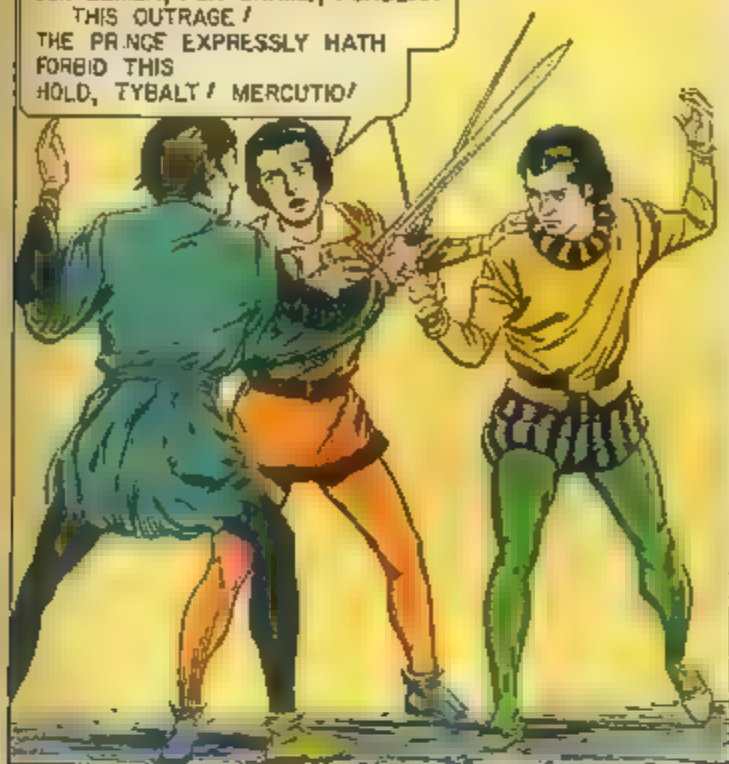
O CALM, DISHONOURABLE, VILE  
SUBMISS ON!  
TYBALT, PLUCK YOUR SWORD!





**R**OMELO TRIED TO BEAT DOWN THEIR SWORDS.

GENTLEMEN, FOR SHAME, FORBEAR  
THIS OUTRAGE!  
THE PRINCE EXPRESSLY HATH  
FORBID THIS  
HOLD, TYBALT! MERCUTIO!



**A**S ROMELO TRIED TO STOP  
THE FIGHT, TYBALT  
REACHED UNDER ROMELO'S  
ARM AND STABBED MERCUTIO



**T**YBALT FLED AS  
MERCUTIO FELL

I AM HURT,  
A PLAGUE O'  
BOTH YOUR  
HOUSES!



COURAGE,  
MAN, THE  
HURT  
CANNOT  
BE MUCH

NO, 'T IS NOT SO  
DEEP AS A WELL,  
NOR SO WIDE AS A  
CHURCH-DOOR, BUT  
'T IS ENOUGH: ASK  
FOR ME TO-MORROW,  
AND YOU SHALL  
FIND ME A GRAVE  
MAN WHY THE  
DEVIL CAME YOU  
BETWEEN US? I  
WAS HURT UNDER  
YOUR ARM



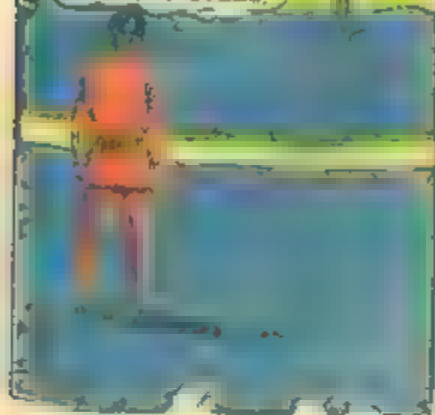
HELP ME INTO SOME  
HOUSE, BENVOL O.  
THEY HAVE MADE  
WORMS' MEAT OF ME



**B**ENVOLIO HELPED MERCUTIO INTO A NEARBY HOUSE A FEW MINUTES LATER

O ROMEO, ROMEO BRAVE  
MERCUTIO'S DEAD!

MY FRIEND HATH GOT  
HIS MORTAL HURT  
IN MY BEHALF  
O SWEET JULET,  
THY BEAUTY HATH  
MADE ME  
EFFEMINATE  
AND IN MY TEMPER  
SOFTEN'D  
VALOUR'S STEEL!



**A**T THAT MOMENT, TYBALT REAPPEARED.

NOW, TYBALT, MERCUTIO'S SOUL  
IS BUT A LITTLE WAY ABOVE OUR HEADS,  
STAYING FOR THINE TO KEEP HIM COMPANY  
EITHER THOU, OR I, OR BOTH, MUST GO  
WITH HIM



**T**HEY FOUGHT BUT ONLY TYBALT WAS LAIN



ROMEO, AWAY, BE GONE!  
THE PRINCE WILL DOOM  
THEE DEATH  
IF THOU ART TAKEN



O, I AM  
FORTUNE'S  
FOOL!

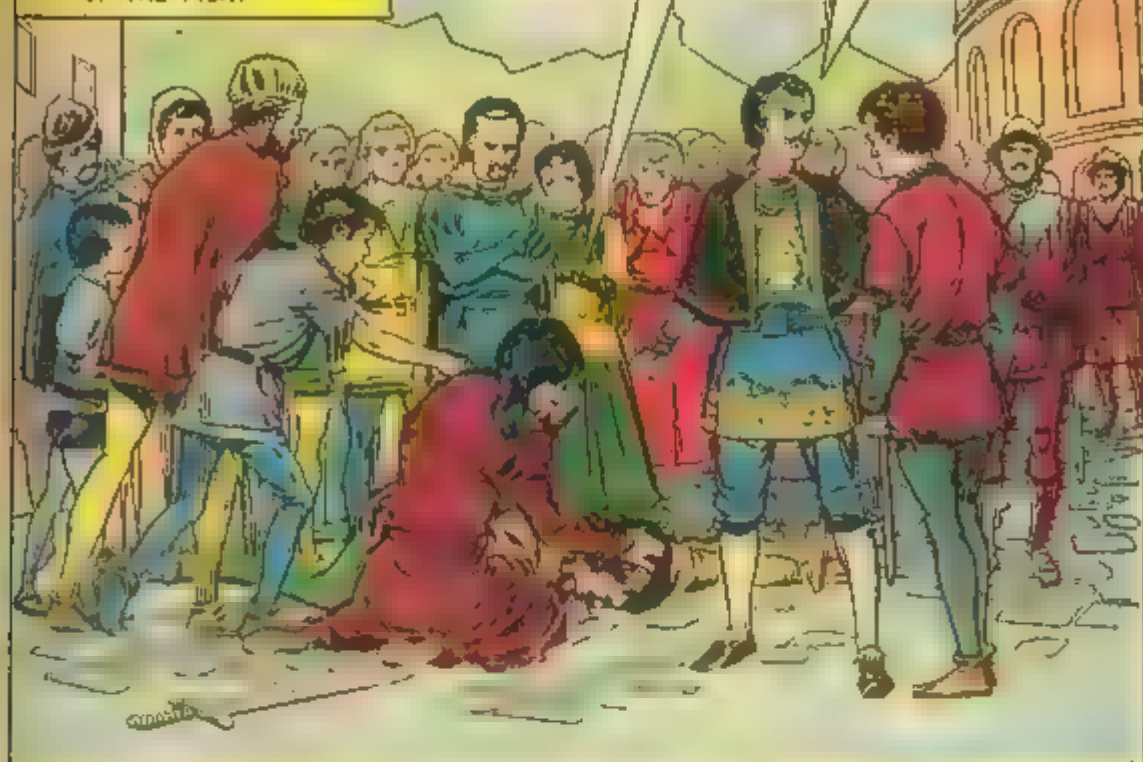




AS ROMEO FLED, A CROWD GATHERED AT THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT

TYBALT / O MY BROTHER'S CHILD!

BENVOLIO, WHO BEGAN THIS BLOODY FRAY?



BENVOLIO TOLD HOW ROMEO HAD KILLED TYBALT TO AVENGE TYBALT'S SLAYING OF MERCUTIO

HE SPEAKS NOT TRUE I BEG FOR JUSTICE, WHICH THOU, PRINCE MUST GIVE, ROMEO SLEW TYBALT, ROMEO MUST NOT LIVE



ROMEO SLEW HIM HE SLEW MERCUTIO, WHO NOW THE PRICE OF BLOOD DOETH OWE?



THEN THE PRINCE PROCLAIMED THAT ROMEO WAS TO BE EXILED FROM THE CITY OF VERONA AS HIS PUNISHMENT FOR KILLING TYBALT

I WILL BE DEAF TO PLEADING AND EXCUSES, LET ROMEO HENCE IN HASTE, ELSE, WHEN HE'S FOUND, THAT HOUR IS HIS LAST



THAT EVENING, JULIET, UNAWARE OF THE TWO DEATHS AND ROMEO'S SENTENCE, WAITED FOR HER HUSBAND

NOW, NURSE, WHAT NEWS? WHY DOST THOU WRING THY HANDS?

HE'S DEAD, HE'S DEAD, HE'S DEAD!



CAN HEAVEN BE SO ENVIOUS?  
HATH ROMEO SLAIN HIMSELF?

TYBALT IS GONE, AND ROMEO THAT KILL'D HIM, IS ~~DEAD~~



O GOD! DID ROMEO'S HAND SHED TYBALT'S BLOOD?

IT DID, IT DID! SHAME COME TO ROMEO!



BLISTER'D BE THY TONGUE FOR SUCH A WISH!

WILL YOU SPEAK WELL OF HIM THAT KILL'D YOUR COUSIN?



SHALL I SPEAK ILL OF HIM THAT IS MY HUSBAND?



O, FIND HIM! BID HIM COME TO TAKE HIS LAST FAREWELL

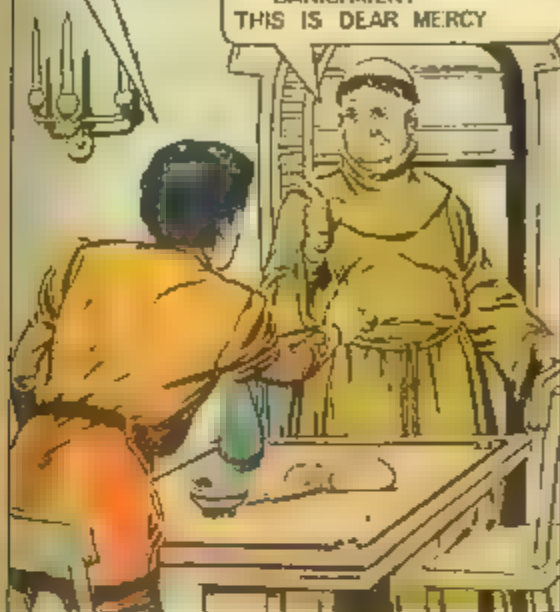




**ROMEO WAITED IN FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL FOR NEWS OF HIS SENTENCE**

FATHER, WHAT NEWS? WHAT IS THE PRINCE'S DOOM?

THY FAULT OUR LAW CALLS DEATH, BUT THE KIND PRINCE, HATH TURN'D THAT BLACK WORD DEATH TO BANISHMENT THIS IS DEAR MERCY



'T IS TORTURE, AND NOT MERCY HEAVEN IS HERE, WHERE JULIET LIVES; AND EVERY CAT AND DOG AND LITTLE MOUSE, EVERY UNWORTHY THING, MAY LOOK ON HER; BUT ROMEO MAY NOT

HEAR ME A LITTLE SPEAK



THOU CANST NOT SPEAK OF THAT THOU DOST NOT FEEL

WERT THOU AS YOUNG AS I, JULIET THY LOVE, AN HOUR BUT MARRIED, TYBALT MURDERED, DOTING LIKE ME AND LIKE ME BANISHED, THEN MIGHTST THOU SPEAK, THEN MIGHTST THOU TEAR THY HAIR, AS I DO NOW



**THEN JULIET'S NURSE ENTERED**

WHAT SAYS MY LADY TO OUR CANCELL'D LOVE?

O, SHE SAYS NOTHING, SIR, BUT WEEPS AND WEEPS



GO, GET THEE TO THY LOVE, AND COMFORT HER BUT LOOK THOU STAY NOT TILL THE WATCH BE SET\*, FOR THEN THOU CANST NOT PASS TO MANTUA, WHERE THOU SHALT LIVE TILL WE CAN FIND A TIME TO BLAZE\*\* YOUR MARRIAGE, RECONCILE YOUR FRIENDS, BEG PARDON OF THE PRINCE, AND CALL THEE BACK

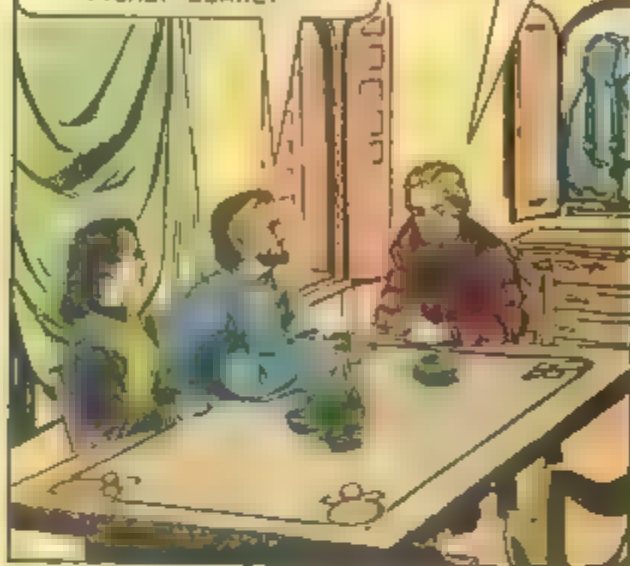


\* down  
\*\* announce

AT THE CAPULET HOME THAT NIGHT, PARIS CAME TO GET JULIET'S ANSWER TO HIS PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE

THINGS HAVE FALLEN OUT, SIR, SO UNLUCKILY THAT WE HAVE HAD NO TIME TO MOVE OUR DAUGHTER SHE LOV'D HER KINSMAN TYBALT DEARLY

THESE TIMES OF WOE AFFORD NO TIMES TO WOO.



SIR PARIS, I THINK SHE WILL BE RUL'D BY ME. WIFE, ACQUAINT HER OF PARIS' LOVE, AND BID HER--WHAT DAY IS THIS?



MONDAY MY LORD

WELL, O' THURSDAY LET T BE O THURSDAY, TELL HER, SHE SHALL BE MARRIED TO THIS NOBLE EARL



DO YOU LIKE THIS HASTE? WHAT SAY YOU TO THURSDAY?

MY LORD, I WOULD THAT THURSDAY WERE TO-MORROW.



WELL, THURSDAY BE IT, THEN. FAREWELL





**THE FOLLOWING MORNING, ROMEO HAD TO LEAVE JULIET FOR EXILE IN MANTUA**

NIGHT'S CANDLES ARE  
BURNT OUT, AND DAY  
STANDS TIPTOE ON THE  
MISTY MOUNTAIN TOPS  
I MUST BE GONE AND  
LIVE, OR STAY  
AND DIE

YOND LIGHT IS NOT  
DAY-LIGHT  
IT IS SOME METEOR  
TO LIGHT THEE ON  
THY WAY TO  
MANTUA,  
THEREFORE STAY YET,  
THOU NEED'ST  
NOT BE GONE



**BUT A MOMENT LATER**

MADAM! YOUR MOTHER IS COMING  
TO YOUR CHAMBER  
THE DAY IS BROKE; BE WARY,  
LOOK ABOUT



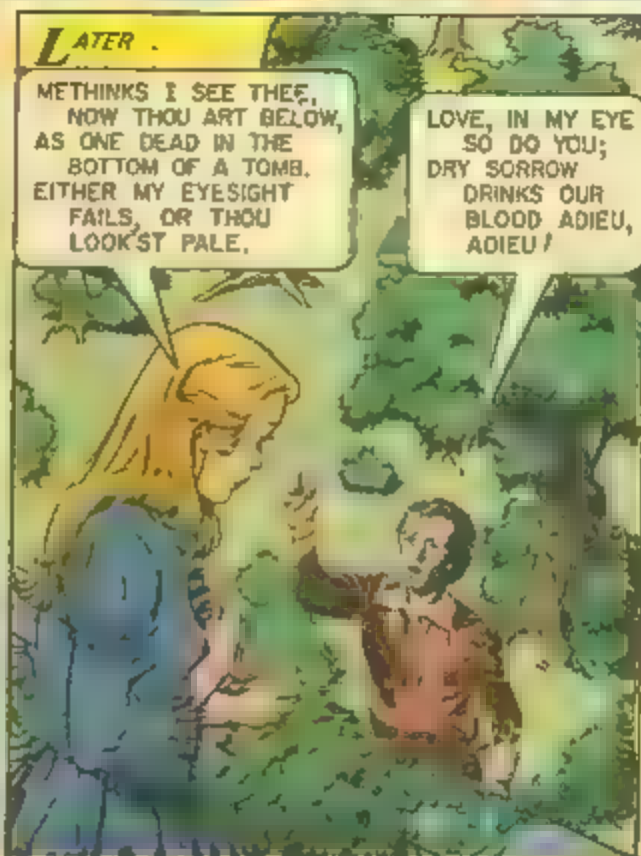
FAREWELL, FAREWELL! ONE  
KISS, AND I'LL DESCEND.



**LATER**

METHINKS I SEE THEE,  
NOW THOU ART BELOW,  
AS ONE DEAD IN THE  
BOTTOM OF A TOMB.  
EITHER MY EYESIGHT  
FAILS, OR THOU  
LOOK'ST PALE.

LOVE, IN MY EYE  
SO DO YOU;  
DRY SORROW  
DRINKS OUR  
BLOOD ADIEU,  
ADIEU!



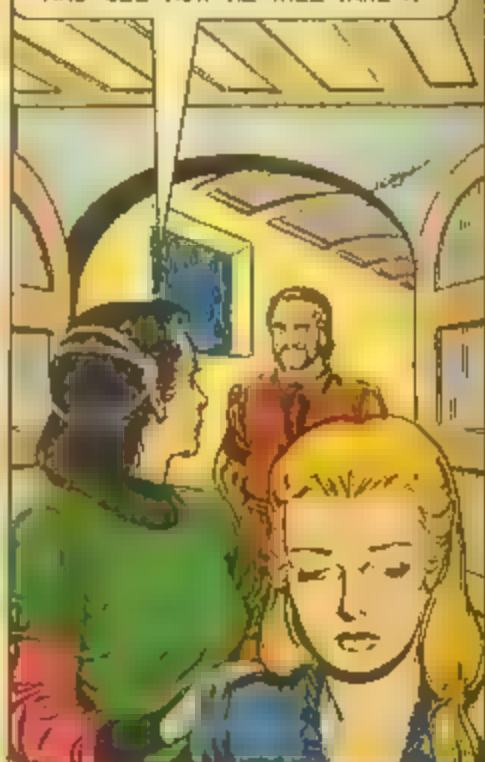
**L**ADY CAPULET CAME TO TELL JULIET THAT THE MARRIAGE WITH PARIS HAD BEEN ARRANGED

EARLY NEXT THURSDAY  
MORN  
THE GALLANT PARIS  
SHALL MAKE THEE  
A JOYFUL BRIDE

I WONDER AT THIS  
HASTE, THAT I  
MUST WED  
ERE HE THAT SHOULD  
BE HUSBAND COMES  
TO WOO  
I PRAY YOU, TELL MY  
FATHER  
I WILL NOT MARRY YET



HERE COMES YOUR FATHER, TELL  
HIM SO YOURSELF,  
AND SEE HOW HE WILL TAKE IT



HOW NOW WIFE I  
HAVE YOL DELIVERED  
OUR DECREE?

AY, SIR, BUT  
SHE WILL NONE



**J**ULIET TOLD HER  
FATHER SHE WOULD  
NOT MARRY PARIS

D SOBEDIENT WRETCH!  
GET THEE TO CHURCH  
O' THURSDAY,  
OR NEVER AFTER LOOK  
ME IN THE FACE



**W**HEN HER PARENTS LEFT,  
JULIET REALIZED THAT  
FRIAR LAURENCE WAS THE  
ONLY ONE WHO COULD  
HELP HER

GO TELL MY LADY I AM GONE  
TO LAURENCE' CELL TO  
MAKE CONFESSION





AT THE FRIAR'S CELL

GOD JOIN'D MY HEART AND  
ROMEO'S, THOU OUR HANDS,  
AND ERE THIS HAND  
SHALL BE THE LABEL TO  
ANOTHER DEED,  
OR MY TRUE HEART  
TURN TO ANOTHER, THIS SHALL  
SLAY THEM BOTH



HOLD, DAUGHTER!  
IF THOU HAST THE STRENGTH  
OF WILL TO SLAY THYSELF,  
THEN IS IT LIKELY THOU  
WILT UNDERTAKE  
A THING LIKE DEATH.



GO HOME, GIVE CONSENT  
TO MARRY PARIS.  
TO-MORROW NIGHT TAKE  
THOU THIS VIAL,  
AND THIS LIQJOR DRINK.



THE ROSES IN THY LIPS AND  
CHEEKS SHALL FADE;  
EACH PART SHALL, STIFF  
AND STARK AND COLD,  
APPEAR LIKE DEATH  
AND IN THIS BORROWED  
LIKENESS OF DEATH  
THOU SHALT CONTINUE  
AND THEN AWAKE AS FROM  
A PLEASANT SLEEP



NOW, WHEN MORNING COMES,  
THERE ART THOU DEAD  
THEN, THOU SHALT BE  
BORNE TO THAT ANCIENT  
VAULT  
WHERE ALL THE CAPULETS  
LIE



IN THE MEAN TIME,  
SHALL ROMEO BY MY  
LETTERS KNOW OUR  
DRIFT,  
HE AND I WILL WATCH  
THY WAKING, AND THAT  
VERY NIGHT  
SHALL ROMEO BEAR THEE  
HENCE TO MANTUA

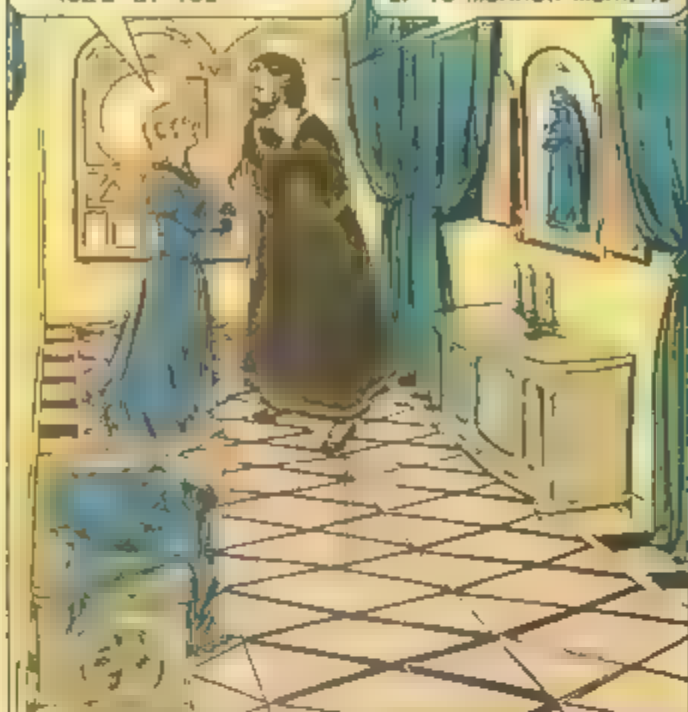


LOVE GIVE ME  
STRENGTH! FAREWELL,  
DEAR FATHER!

**WHEN JULIET RETURNED HOME**

PARDON, I BESEECH YOU /  
HENCEFORWARD I AM EVER  
RJL'D BY YOU

I AM GLAD ON 'T I LL  
HAVE THIS KNOT KNIT  
UP TO-MORROW MORN'NG



**WITH THE WEDDING SET FOR  
THE FOLLOWING DAY, JULIET  
HAD TO DRINK THE FRIAR'S POTION  
THAT NIGHT AT THE LAST MOMENT  
SHE WAS SEIZED WITH FEAR**

WHAT IF IT BE A POISON, WHICH  
THE FRAR  
HATH MINISTER'D TO HAVE ME  
DEAD,  
LEST IN THIS MARR AGE HE  
SHOULD BE D SHONOUR'D,  
BECAUSE HE MARRIED ME BEFORE  
TO ROMEO?



HOW IF I WAKE BEFORE  
THE TIME THAT ROMEO  
COME TO REDEEM ME?  
SHALL I NOT THEN BE  
STIFLED IN THE VAULTS  
AND THERE DIE STRANGL'D  
ERE MY ROMEO COMES?



**B**UT HER LOVE FOR ROMEO  
OVERCAME HER FEAR

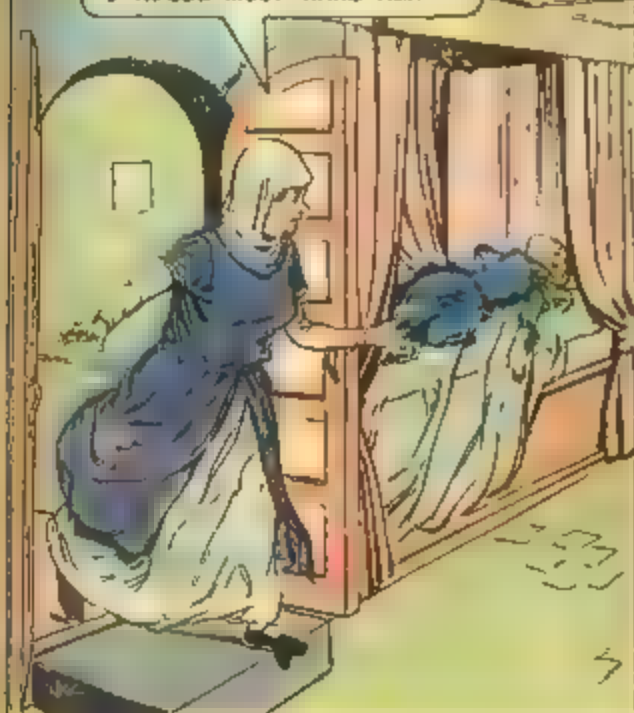
ROMEO, I COME !  
THIS DO I DRNK  
TO THEE





THE NEXT MORNING

MISTRESS, MISTRESS!  
HOW SOUND IS SHE ASLEEP!  
I NEEDS MUST WAKE HER



THEN

HELP, HELP!  
MY LADY'S  
DEAD!



LADY CAPULET RAN TO  
THE ROOM

O ME! MY CHILD,  
MY ONLY LIFE!



A MOMENT LATER,  
CAPULET CAME IN TO  
ANNOUNCE THAT PARIS  
HAD ARRIVED

BRING JULIET  
FORTH, HER  
LORD IS  
COME

ALACK THE  
DAY, SHE'S  
DEAD, SHE'S  
DEAD, SHE'S  
DEAD!



THEN FRIAR LAURENCE  
AND PARIS ENTERED

COME,  
S THE  
BRIDE  
READY  
TO GO  
TO  
CHURCH?

READY TO GO,  
BUT NEVER  
TO RETURN  
DEATH LIES ON  
HER LIKE AN  
UNTIMELY  
FROST  
UPON THE  
SWEETEST  
FLOWER OF  
ALL THE  
FIELD



**A**FTER JULIET WAS CARRIED TO THE CAPULET'S BURIAL VAULT, FRIAR LAURENCE SENT A MESSAGE TO ROMEO TELLING HIM WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



**B**UT THE MESSENGER DID NOT REACH ROMEO. INSTEAD, ROMEO'S SERVANT BROUGHT THE NEWS FROM VERONA

HOW NOW /  
HOW FARES  
MY JULIET?



HER BODY SLEEPS IN  
CAPULET'S MONUMENT  
I SAW HER LAD LOW  
IN HER KINDRED'S  
VAULT

IS IT EVEN SO?  
THEN I  
DEFY YOU,  
STARS!  
HIRE POST  
HORSES I  
WILL HENCE  
TO-NIGHT



**R**OMEO HURRIED TO AN  
APOTHECARY SHOP AND  
BOUGHT POISON

DRINK IT OFF, AND, IF YOU HAD  
THE STRENGTH  
OF TWENTY MEN, IT WOULD  
DISPATCH YOU STRAIGHT



**A**ND HE RODE TO VERONA.





WHEN FRIAR LAURENCE'S MESSENGER

FRIAR JOHN, WELCOME FROM  
MANTUA! WHAT SAYS ROMEO?



FRIAR JOHN TOLD FRIAR LAURENCE HE  
WAS UNABLE TO GET TO ROMEO

WHO BARE MY  
LETTER, THEN?

I COULD NOT SEND  
IT--HERE IT IS AGAIN.



UNHAPPY FORTUNE!  
THE LETTER WAS  
FULL OF  
CHARGE,  
NEGLECTING IT MAY  
DO MUCH DAMAGE.

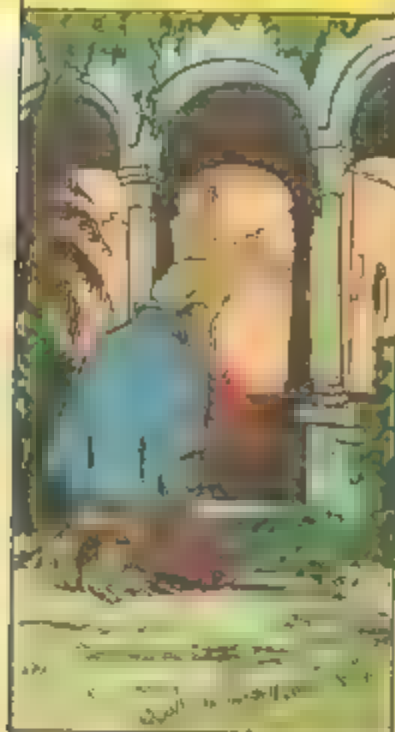


AFTER FRIAR JOHN LEFT

NOW MUST I TO THE MONJMENT,  
WITHIN THIS THREE HOURS WILL  
FAIR JULIET WAKE  
I WILL WRITE AGAIN TO MANTUA  
AND KEEP HER AT MY CELL  
TILL ROMEO COME



**T**HAT NIGHT, PARIS WENT  
TO THE TOMB OF THE  
CAPULETS WITH FLOWERS  
FOR JULIET'S GRAVE



**W**HEN ROMEO ARRIVED,  
PARIS HAD HE SAW  
ROMEO PRY OPEN THE  
TOMB AND THOUGHT  
THAT HE HAD COME TO  
MOLEST THE BODIES OF  
TYBALT AND JULIET

STOP, VILE MONTAGUE!  
CAN VENGEANCE BE  
PURSUED FURTHER  
THAN DEATH?



TEMPT NOT A DESPERATE  
MAN,  
FLY HENCE, AND LEAVE ME  
PUT NOT ANOTHER SIN UPON  
MY HEAD,  
BY URGING ME TO FURY



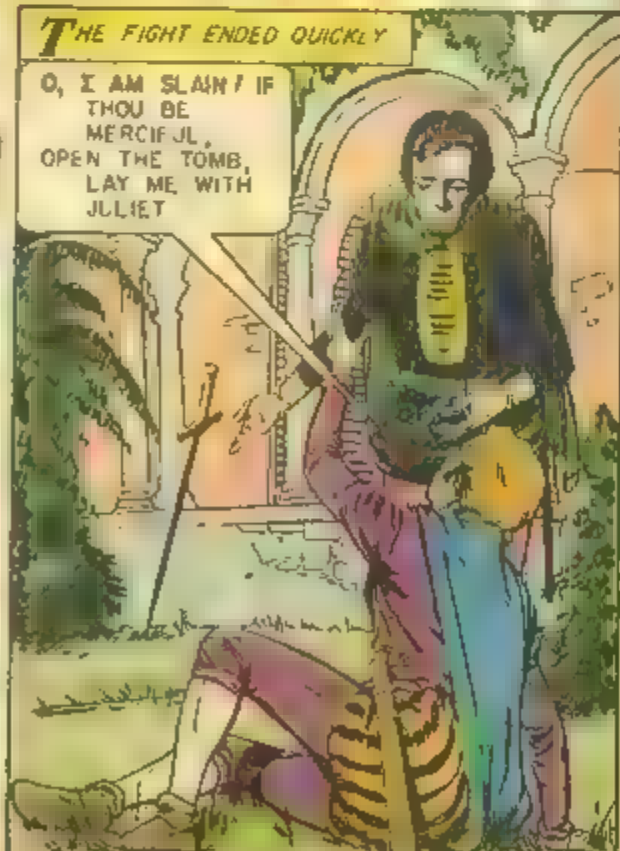
I DO  
DEFFY  
THEE

WILT THOU PROVOKE  
ME? THEN HAVE  
AT THEE!

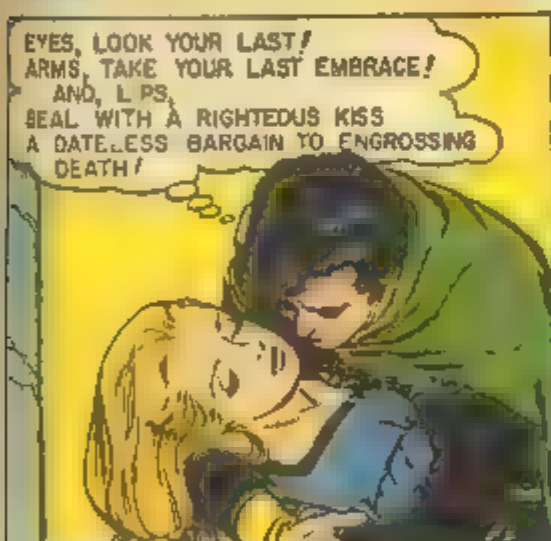
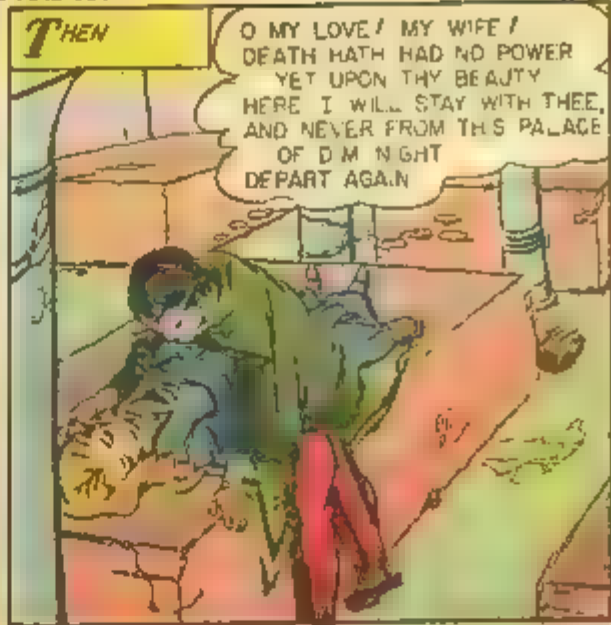


**T**HE FIGHT ENDED QUICKLY

O, I AM SLAIN! IF  
THOU BE  
MERCIFUL,  
OPEN THE TOMB,  
LAY ME WITH  
JULIET

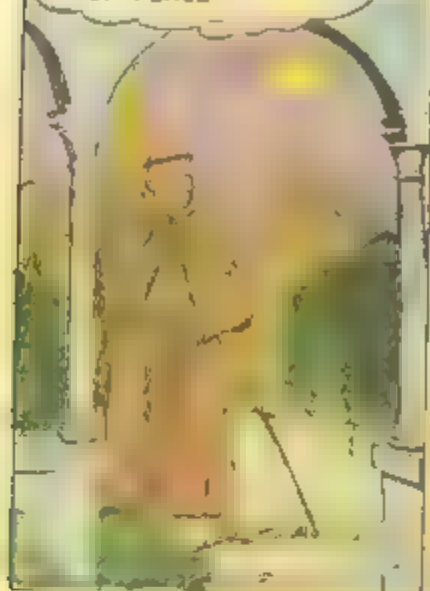






AS ROMEO FELL DEAD WITHIN THE TOMB, FRIAR LAURENCE ARRIVED AND DISCOVERED THE SWORDS OF ROMEO AND PARIS AT THE ENTRANCE

WHAT MEAN THESE GORY SWORDS  
TO LIE BY THIS PLACE  
OF PEACE?



HE WENT INTO THE TOMB

ROMEO? WHAT,  
PARIS, TOO?



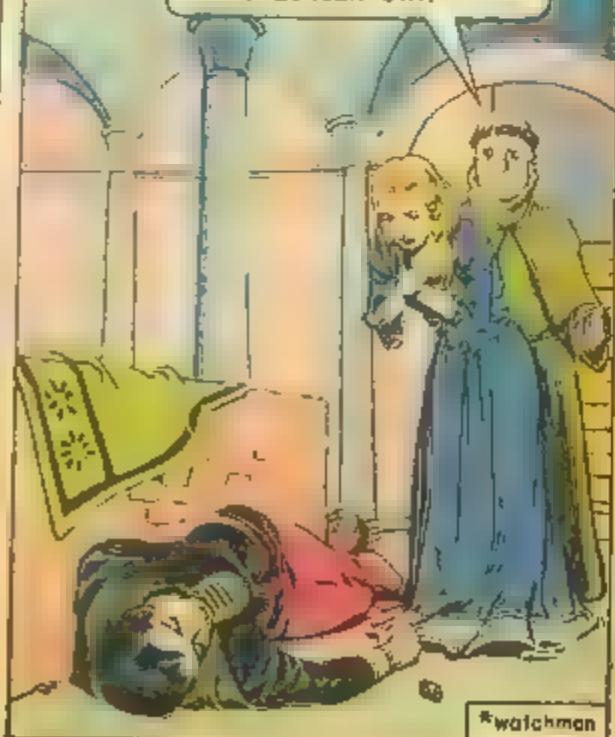
A MOMENT JULIET AWAKE

I  
HOULD BE,  
ERE I  
WH  
MY  
ROMEO

LADY, A GREATER  
POWER THAN WE  
HATH THWARTED OUR  
INTENTS. COME,  
COME AWAY  
THY HUSBAND THERE  
LIES DEAD,  
AND PARIS TOO



STAY NOT TO QUESTION, FOR  
THE WATCH\* IS COMING  
COME, GOOD JULIET, I DARE  
NO LONGER STAY

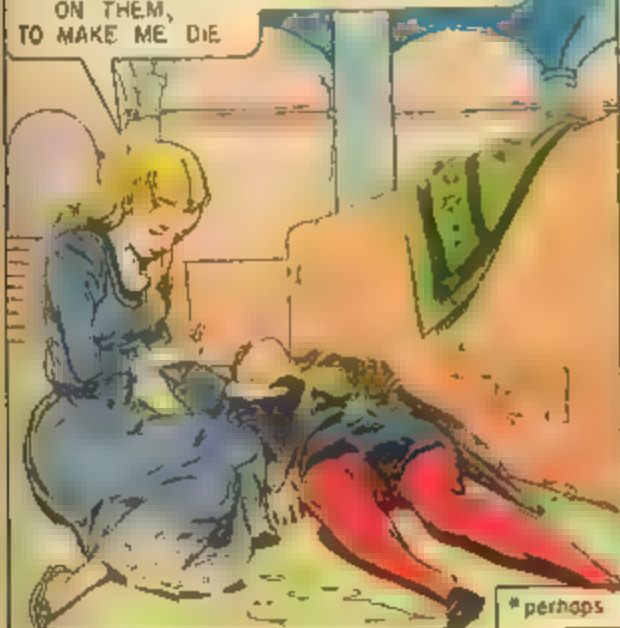


\*watchman



**F**RIAR LAURENCE LEFT, BUT JULIET DID NOT FOLLOW HIM. SEEING THE EMPTY VIAL SHE GUESSED THAT ROMEO HAD POISONED HIMSELF.

DRUNK ALL, AND LEFT NO FRIENDLY DROP TO HELP ME AFTER? I WILL KISS THY LIPS, MAYBE SOME POISON YET DOETH HANG ON THEM, TO MAKE ME DIE.



THY LIPS ARE WARM.

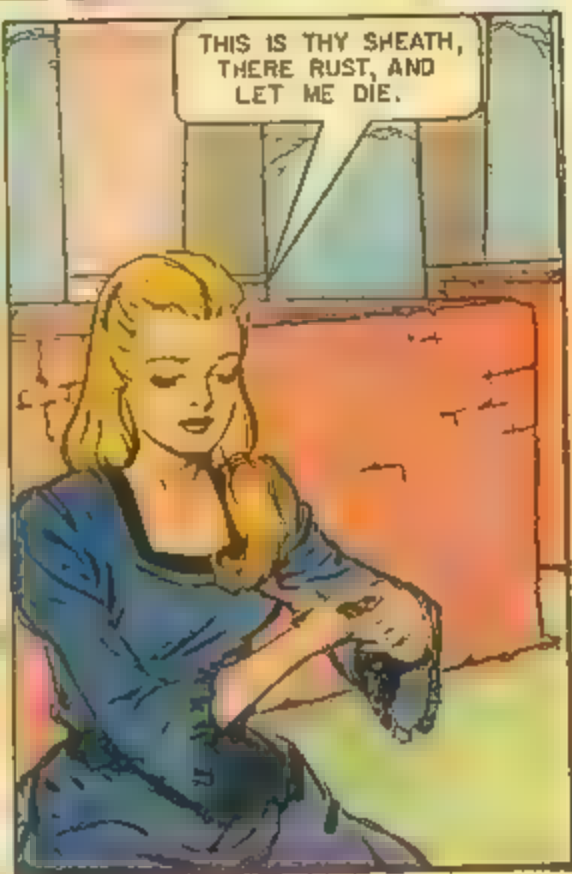


**T**HEN JULIET HEARD THE WATCHMAN APPROACHING

NO SE? THEN I 'LL BE BREF O HAPPY DAGGER!



THIS IS THY SHEATH, THERE RUST, AND LET ME DIE.



WHEN THE WATCHMAN DISCOVERED THE BODIES,  
EVERYONE WAS SUMMONED TO THE TOMB.

COME,  
MONTAGUE.

ALAS, MY LIEGE, MY WIFE  
IS DEAD TO-NIGHT.  
GRIEF HATH STOPP'D HER  
BREATH.



WHEN FRIAR LAURENCE  
EXPLAINED WHAT HAD  
HAPPENED

CAPULET / MONTAGUE /  
SEE, WHAT A SCOURGE IS LAID  
UPON YOUR HATE,  
THAT HEAVEN FINDS MEANS TO  
KILL YOUR JOYS WITH LOVE.  
AND ALL ARE PUNISH'D.

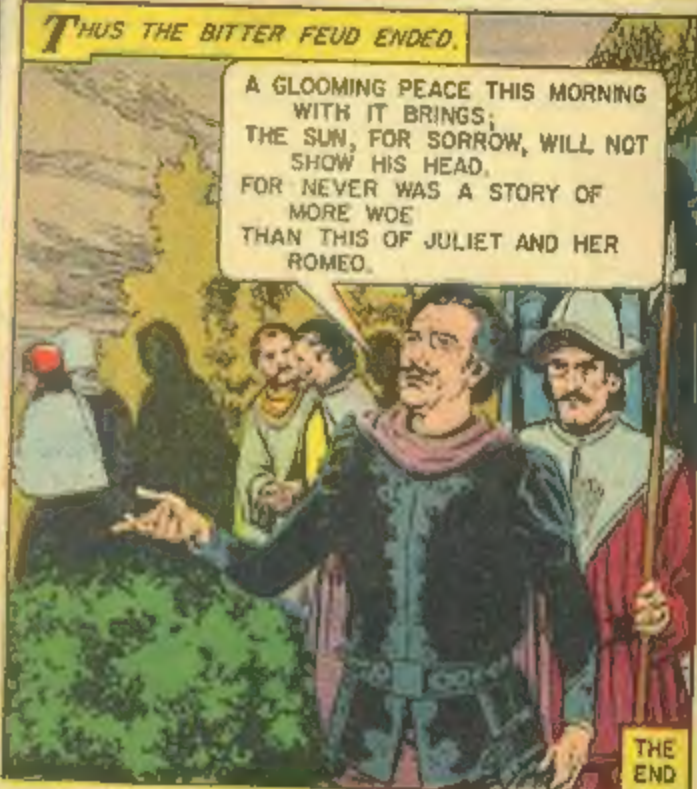


O BROTHER  
MONTAGUE, GIVE  
ME THY HAND



THUS THE BITTER FEUD ENDED.

A GLOOMING PEACE THIS MORNING  
WITH IT BRINGS;  
THE SUN, FOR SORROW, WILL NOT  
SHOW HIS HEAD.  
FOR NEVER WAS A STORY OF  
MORE WOE  
THAN THIS OF JULIET AND HER  
ROMEO.



THE  
END



# THE STORY OF GREAT BRITAIN

## PART 8: THE PURITAN REVOLUTION

**A**FTER QUEEN ELIZABETH DIED IN 1603, JAMES I, AND LATER HIS SON, CHARLES I, CAME TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND. THEY TRIED TO IGNORE PARLIAMENT AND RULE AS ABSOLUTE KINGS.



**J**AMES' DECREES AGAINST CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM ANGERED MANY. TO ESCAPE OPPRESSION, SOME FLED IN THE MAYFLOWER TO DISTANT AMERICA.



**P**URITANS WHO REMAINED IN ENGLAND EVENTUALLY LED PARLIAMENT INTO AN OPEN BREAK WITH CHARLES I. BOTH SIDES DREW UP ARMIES AND CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT IN 1642.



**T**HE HERO OF THE FIRST BATTLE WAS A PURITAN, OLIVER CROMWELL, WHO WAS CAPTAIN OF A CAVALRY TROOP CALLED THE IRONSIDES.





**C**ROMWELL SOON BECAME LEADER OF ALL THE FORCES OF PARLIAMENT. UNDER HIS DIRECTION, CHARLES WAS CAPTURED IN 1649. AFTER A TRIAL, THE KING WAS BEHEADED FOR TREASON.



**A** COMMONWEALTH FORM OF GOVERNMENT WAS PROCLAIMED. CROMWELL WAS NAMED LORD-PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH.



**H**E FORMED A NEW CONSTITUTION GIVING SUPREME LEGISLATIVE POWER TO HIS OFFICE, AND TO PARLIAMENT. IT ALSO GUARANTEED A NUMBER OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTIES.



**T**O STAY IN POWER, CROMWELL PURGED MANY OF HIS OPPONENTS.



**C**ROMWELL DIED IN 1658. TWO YEARS LATER, PARLIAMENT INVITED CHARLES II, THE SON OF THE BEHEADED CHARLES I, TO RULE AS KING. THE MONARCHY WAS RESTORED.



**A**LTHOUGH THE COMMONWEALTH FAILED, THE PURITAN REVOLUTION WHICH CREATED IT DID SUCCEED IN MAKING PARLIAMENT STRONGER, AND IN ENDING THE ABSOLUTE RULE OF KINGS IN ENGLAND.



THIS IS THE EIGHTH OF TWELVE FEATURES ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE: "THE RESTORATION."





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